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THE KING AND DESERTER.

A Drama,

IN TWO ACTS.

BY J. M. MADDOX, Esq.

WITH

ORIGINAL CASTS, COSTUMES, AND THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE
BUSINESS, CORRECTLY MARKED AND ARRANGED, BY
MR. J. B. WRIGHT, ASSISTANT MANAGER
OF THE BOSTON THEATRE.



NEW YORK:
SAMUEL FRENCH,
122 NASSAU STREET, UP STAIRS.)

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

	<i>Chestnut St., Philadelphia, 1831.</i>	<i>Chatham, N. Y., 1839.</i>	<i>National Theatre, Boston, 1845.</i>	<i>Beach St., Museum, Boston, 1849.</i>	<i>St. Charles Theatre, New York, 1852.</i>
KING, (Frederick the Great,).....	Mr. Decamp	Mr. H. E. Stevens	Mr. J. G. Gilbert	Mr. J. J. Prior	Mr. France
ADELBERT, (the Deserter,).....	" W. Sefton	" W. Wood	" C. R. Thorne	" C. R. Thorne	" A. H. Davenport
MOROSCO, (an Innkeeper,).....	" W. Anderson	" B. Blaikie	" J. G. Cartlitch	" J. G. Ashmer	" Warwick
BARRATO, {	" Thompson	" W. McFarland	" Allen	" Barrett
ROLMOND, {	" Foote	" E. F. Keach	" Parsons	" Knight
HAUTMAN,.....	" James	" T. A. Lathey	" Hield
CARTOUCH,.....	" J. Sefton	" C. Mestayer	" S. D. Johnson	" John Salmon	" Barnett
VAN GROAT, (Whipper-in to King,).....	" W. Isherwood	" Stanley	" George Graham	" G. G. Spear	" Simmonds
DE REUTER, (Prime Minister,).....	" Phillips	" Morton	" H. N. Sprague	" Wise
HAUTLAUS, (a soldier,).....	" Curtis	" W. H. Leighton	" Shord
SERVANT,.....	" Parsons	" Parsons
FIRST OFFICER,.....	" Parsons	" Price	" Clark
SECOND OFFICER,.....	" J. H. Ring
ROSALIE,.....	Mrs. Willis	Mrs. Mossop	Mrs. C. R. Thorne	Mrs. T. Flynn	Mrs. Warwick
MARTHA,.....	" Fletcher	" Nelson	" Woodward	" W. H. Pierce	Miss Peveril

TIME IN REPRESENTATION.—One hour and twenty minutes.

THE KING AND DESERTER.

COSTUMES.

FREDERICK.—*First Dress.* Hunting dress ; green silk velvet Prussian frock, braided with black and edged with black fur.—*Second Dress.* Dark blue square-cut coat, turned back, with red facings ; buff breeches and vest ; three-cornered hat, small gold cord loop and cockade ; heavy black jackboots and spurs ; black leather belt ; heavy cavalry sword and carriage ; white stock ; light bald wig and pigtail ; buff leather gauntlets.

ADELBERT.—Blue square-cut coat, trimmed with white worsted lace, white turnbacks ; white vest and breeches ; black high boots ; three-cornered hat, white loop and cockade ; white military stock ; white waist belt ; sword and carriage ; powdered wig.

MOROSCO.—Brown square-cut coat ; long figured vest ; brown breeches ; gray head of hair ; white cravat ; blue stockings ; black shoes and brass buckles.

DE REUTER.—Black velvet square-cut suit ; jet buttons ; white cravat ; black stockings ; black shoes ; paste buckles ; powdered wig ; three-cornered hat.

BARRATO.—Leather jerkin ; breastplate under jerkin ; full brown trunks ; black full boots ; slouched hat ; striped shirt.

ROLMOND.—Brown jerkin ; steel breastplate under jerkin ; full brown trunks ; canvas leggings, cross gartered ; slouch hat and striped shirt.

SIX BANDITS.—Similar to Rolmond ; various colors.

CARTOUCH.—Blue square-cut coat ; yellow turnbacks ; buff vest and leather pantaloons ; black gaiters to the calf, white metal buttons ; three-cornered hat ; bald gray wig ; white military stock.

VAN GROAT.—Green Prussian frock, braided chest, edged with fur ; high black boots and spurs ; buckskin pantaloons ; three-cornered hat ; white cravat and powdered wig.

OFFICERS.—Various uniforms of the period ; white powdered wigs and bags.

TWELVE SOLDIERS.—Same square-cut style white coats, black turnbacks ; white vests and breeches ; black long gaiters ; three-cornered hats ; powdered wigs and black leather cross belts.

TWELVE FREDERICK SOLDIERS.—Same uniform as Frederick, with long white gaiters and black buttons, and garters ; powdered wigs.

FOUR ENSIGNS.—Banner of Prussia, white and black, eagle crowned gold.

TWELVE SOLDIERS.—Same style blue coats, white turnbacks ; blue vests and breeches ; long white gaiters ; powdered wigs ; old style grenadier hats ; white cross belts.

ROSALIE.—Dark fawn skirt, trimmed with black velvet ; black velvet body ; white chemisette and sleeves ; small circular cap.—*Second Dress.* Same dress with small straw hat.

MARTHA.—Maroon-colored skirt ; black body and half skirt open in front ; heavy circular cap ; blue stockings ; black shoes and brass buckles.

THE KING AND DESERTER.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Cut Forest by Moonlight, 1 G., and Cottage. Flats in 2 G. D. F., practical, backed by hut; gauze window in F. Music.*

Enter ADELBERT, R. H. 1 E., with a knapsack on his sword, which he carries on his shoulder, whistling a march.

Adel. Halt! — stand at ease! Ground arms! — Well said, Adelbert; though you quitted the ranks, you'll make a damned good commander; and why shouldn't I? For nine years I have obeyed the word, without a murmur, without a sigh; and if that isn't long enough to enable me to say, 'To the right about, how deserving must those be, who, without so many days' experience, are placed above the heads of old and honest veterans, and know just enough of the musket's use to disperse an assembly of evil meaning patriots, or lead their fellow-countrymen to slaughter and destruction! Let me see; how stands the needful? — two sous. Well, this must serve me till I reach the Austrian camp. I've still a good hard crust, and biting the cartridge has not injured the texture of my teeth; so here goes. Now a sup of Geneva, or a bumper of brandy, would make up for the night, with this my pillow, (*takes off knapsack,*) and this my bed, (*lays it down.*) Ah, what's here? — a house! a light, too! perhaps a public house, and brandy to be had. Well, public or private, if it is at all inhabited, a soldier is sure to find both bed and board. (*Music. Knocks at D. in F.*) House! hillo! house! (*MOROSCO opens window in F.*)

Mor. Who knocks?

Adel. One who wants bed and brandy, and is benighted, and has had hard turf for his pillow the last three nights.

Mor. If you are benighted, seven leagues hence is the nearest market town; walk stoutly on, and you'll be there by morning. I've no bed to spare; and as for brandy, my tubs are all out; so good night.

Adel. Halt! my old one, eyes front! look at me; and if you've neither bed nor brandy, you will not refuse me shelter for the night.

Mor. A soldier, are you? Ha, ha, ha! Then march on to your barracks; this is no habitation for soldiers.

Adel. Why do I hold a truce with such a damned crabbed, ill-

looking rascal? — no habitation for soldiers. Hear me, Mr. Inn-keeper. Open the door, and let me have the best food you have in the house, or, by the god of war, I'll lay siege to it, and, ere the flugelman can say, Prime, load, and fire, your door shall from its hinges crack, and never more be closed to refuse shelter to the way-worn traveller, or keep in wind and cold those who have braved all dangers for their country, and deserve at least the rights of hospitality, which not the savage would refuse to his benighted countrymen. — Open, I say. (*Draws his sword, and knocks tremendously.*)

Mor. Stay, stay — I'm coming. Be cool, and hear reason. I own I was a little harsh, and perhaps too hasty.

Adel. Not in opening your door.

Mor. Why, the fact is, my house being situated in this terrible Black Forest, so notorious for the haunt of Morosco and his band, that I always lock up early, and I am pretty careful what strangers I admit, for I shouldn't like to be robbed of the trifle my industry has seraped together.

Adel. I want no apology; give me something to drink the king's health with, and here's the hand of a soldier that don't care that, for all the robbers in Prussia — Black Forests or ill-looking landlords into the bargain.

Mor. A rough fellow, this. Martha, put an extra log on the fire, prepare for a customer, place the best liquor on the table, and get the last room ready for the gentleman to sleep in.

Adel. The last room? and why not the first?

Mor. Because we have but one, and that's both first and last. (*Confused.*)

Adel. And you've the impudence to call your hovel an inn; but I'll taste your liquor, which I hope is better than your accommodation; and so up, fellow, and by your leave. (*Music. Pushing MOROSCO aside unceremoniously, enters, D. F.; MOROSCO shows him into the house, looks in at the window, and appears satisfied he is not perceived; listens and whistles.*)

Mor. Where can they be loitering? not in the forest, when I may need their assistance. This soldier may be troublesome, and if a good job should arise, may mar our purpose. If nothing turns up in the course of the night, he may remain till morning; but if he must be got rid of, why — (*Whistle heard, L. H. U. E.; MOROSCO answers it; BARRATO appears, 1 E. L. H.; MOROSCO entreats silence, and shows him the soldier through window in F.*) It is only a soldier, perhaps without a groat. Is any thing stirring in the forest? any likelihood of rich guests to-night?

Bar. Not that I know of. Times are hard; we have not had a good traveller these three nights.

Mor. No grumbling; I have information that will give both profit and employment to us all. A numerous and rich body of Polanders are on the road from Frankfort, and will pass near the forest. They have been at the fair disposing of furs, and return well lined with money and valuables. We must be on the lookout for them. (*Whistle heard, L. H. U. E. Music.*) Silence; some of our friends approach.

Enter ROLMOND, L. H. 1 E.

What news? Are there any travellers in the forest?

Rol. While taking my usual nightly sup. at Jasper's, a traveller, well mounted, and, by his appearance, of some consequence, hailed me, and asked the nearest road to Berlin. He said he had missed his companions in the chase. I directed him through the forest. He gave me a ducat for my pains, and galloped on. I followed, but he was too quick for me. No doubt he is well supplied; and if we could but meet with him —

Mor. Enough. Barrato, search the forest round, and if you think him too much for you, decoy him here, and then — (*Music. He directs them off, L. H.*) (*Exeunt ROLMOND and BARRATO, 1 E. L. H.*) If chance should send us a good job to-night, this fellow may be in the way. What can be done with him? I have it.

Mar. (*Without, D. F.*) Frank, Frank, the gentleman wants more brandy. Why don't you come to him?

Mor. More brandy. Place a full flask on the table, Martha; I'll be with you anon. Brandy — he shall have his fill. The easier, if necessary, will he fall a prey.

Mar. (*Without.*) Frank! Frank!

Mor. I come, I come; give the gentleman brandy. (*Music.*)
(*Exit MOROSCO, D. F.*)

SCENE II. — *Plain Rustic Interior, 1 G.*

Enter ROSALIE, L. H. 1 E.

Ros. O, bitter fortune! wretched and unhappy Rosalie! Whither shall I turn to sue for aid? where seek some kind relief? Painful task, forced to remain in the house of a villain, an assassin! to be the slave, and witness the countless murders of Morosco and his horde of bandits! My blood runs cold; I sicken at the thought. But four nights ago, the wretch Barrato plunged his dagger in the bosom of an aged traveller. The old man rendered him his gold, and begged, for his wife and children's sake, to spare his life; the merciless villain struck him to the heart. Why do I tarry here? I must devise some means of flight. The forest is watched close by them, and to escape will be, I fear, impossible. This young soldier is intended for their next victim; the thought of what will be his fate drives me to madness. Some way he must be saved; at the hazard of my life, I will attempt it.
(*Exit, R. H. 1 E.*)

SCENE III. — *Interior of MOROSCO's Cottage, 3 and 4 a. Gallery crosses stage, L. to R., in front of flats, practical, and staircase to descend on R. H.; D. in F., L. C., on gallery, practical, backed with plain backing; D. in F., R. C., under gallery, practical, backed by wood; window in F., L. C., practical, backed by wood; set fireplace, L. H. 3 E., with fire burning; one stool at fireplace; rustic table on L. C. 2 G., on it empty flask, tin cup, and German pipe; two rustic chairs at table, L. H.; set D., 2 E. R. H. Music.*

ADELBERT discovered at table, L. C.; MOROSCO and MARTHA on R. H.

Adel. Landlord, take away this dead man.

Mor. What?

Mar. We are betrayed.

Adel. And bring one more lively and full of spirits.

Mor. Fool, the empty flask he means.

Adel. Do you hear? let's have another bumper — quick.

Mar. Give him no more; he has had three flasks already.

Adel. What do you say?

Mor. We are not prepared for so good a customer, and we have not any more brandy in the house.

Adel. A soldier is not particular. Some good old hock will do; for I'd rather do double duty than smoke a dry pipe.

Mar. We don't keep wine, and our spirits are quite out.

Adel. Are they? Then down pipe, and let's to supper.

Mar. Supper! we have nothing in the house. You'd better go to bed; that's your room, sir. (*Pointing to D. on gallery.*)

Adel. Well, if you've neither wine nor brandy, nor any thing else in the house, why, good night to you.

Mar. Rosalie! Rosalie! bring a candle for the gentleman to go to bed. (*Music.*)

Enter ROSALIE, with a candle, D. R. H. 2 E.; she looks at ADELBERT; appears alarmed for his fate; sighs.)

Adel. A sigh, my pretty wench? What! are you in love? A charming girl, by Heavens!

Mar. This way, sir; stir, Rosalie. (*Music. ROSALIE ascends the stairs with a light, followed by ADELBERT; MOROSCO, who has been looking through the window, L. F., sees ADELBERT's pistols on the table, and is about to take them when ROSALIE sees him; she, in haste, signifies that he has forgot his pistols; he immediately descends, and intercepts MOROSCO with them.*)

Adel. Hold, friend; these are my old and faithful companions, and wherever I go they accompany me.

Mor. I can take care of them, I warrant, till to-morrow morning; they shall be very safe, depend on it.

Adel. That I warrant you; so good night. (*During this ROSALIE has continued on the landing; ADELBERT is about to reascend, when a voice is heard without.*)

Fred. (*Without.*) Hallo! house! landlord!

Mor. By Heavens! some one approaches. My friend, good night. (ROSALIE tells ADELBERT not to go to bed.)

Adel. Methought some one from without —

Fred. (*Without.*) Hallo! hallo! house! landlord!

Adel. What the devil means that noise? Open your door, and let's see who it is.

Mor. I am master here! (*Opens window, L. F.*) Who's at the door? and what do you want?

Fred. Open, my friend. I've lost my way in the forest, and would rest at your inn to-night. As an earnest of my intention to pay for what I have, take this. (*He throws a purse of money in at window, L. F.*) Now open.

Mor. He must be rich. I'll let him in.

Mar. 'Tis gold! Rosalie, some wood for the fire! Make haste, I say! (*Music. ROSALIE looks compassionately at ADELBERT, tries to make him observe; his attention fixed on seeing who knocks. She takes him suddenly by the hand, and exclaims in an under tone,*)

Ros. You're in danger!

Mar. Child! what do you do here? The wood! away!

(*Exit ROSALIE, D. R. H. 2 E.*)

Adel. In danger? True, I'm a deserter; and, if the military should be in pursuit of me, I am lost forever! Coward that I am to fear! Courage, Adelbert, courage!

MOROSCO opens door, R. F., and enters with FREDERICK in his hunting dress.

Fred. Thank you, thank you, my friend. (*Takes snuff.*) A cold night this! Ah! a good fire! That's comfortable, my friend. Have you a stable? I've tied my old horse to a tree hard by. Will you see to him? He has carried me over hedge and ditch in safety; and the man who could desert a faithful animal is worse than a soldier who quits his regiment, and joins the enemies of his country. (ADELBERT starts.)

Mor. I'll take care of him, sir. What ho! boy!

(*Exit MOROSCO, D. F. R. H.*)

Enter ROSALIE, D. R. H. 2 E., with wood. She places it on fire, 3 E. L. H., and looks at FREDERICK; he pats her on the cheek, takes snuff.

Fred. Ah, my pretty, comely lass! How old are you, my dear?

Ros. Eighteen, sir.

Fred. Eighteen? A very tender age. Doubtless one of the family? (ROSALIE is about to speak; MARTHA looks fiercely at her; ROSALIE courtesies to FREDERICK.) Is the family numerous?

Ros. Twenty.

Mar. Rosalie!

Fred. Good Heavens!

Ros. There are no children, sir.

Fred. Twenty in family, and no children! The girl's joking with me; it serves me right; I've no business to ask so many questions; it serves me right.

Enter MOROSCO, D. R. H.

Mor. I've put the horse in the stable. He's a noble animal, fit for a king to ride on. He'll be taken care of, depend upon it.

Fred. 'Tis well. Now for something to eat, and then to bed!

Mor. Soldier, here's a ducat. Proceed on your journey; you can't sleep here to-night. This gentleman is old and fatigued; you must give up your bed to him. So take your knapsack, and depart. Martha, bring the cold fowl and Rhenish for the gentleman.

(Exit MARTHA, D. R. H. 2 E.)

Adel. Cold fowl and Rhenish! Why, look ye, my rough one, I'm quartered here for the night; and the devil fly away with me if I budge an inch! — *(Taps FREDERICK on shoulder.)* And you, my old huntsman — you appear a good-humored, pleasant sort of a fellow; so am I. You're hungry, and want supper; so do I. For you, because you have gold to pay for it, there's cold fowl and Rhenish; for me, the spirits are out, and there's nothing in the house. There is, however, a bed, which, by right of precedence, is mine; and, as they have but one, I propose a partnership between us. Give me half your supper, and I'll give you half my bed.

Fred. A private of the 15th Hussars! What can he want here, when he ought to be on duty? I'll accept his proposal, and learn why he is not with his regiment. — *(To ADELBERT.)* What you offer is fair. I accept of half your bed, and you shall partake of half my supper. Agreed!

Ros. Thank Heaven!

Mor. Confusion! Well, they must be managed. *(Music.)*

Enter MARTHA, D. R. H. 2 E., with fowl and wine. ROSALIE lays cloth and puts supper. ADELBERT cuts the fowl in two, takes one half, and puts the other on FREDERICK's plate, who appears astonished, places his half on the dish.

Adel. Don't be bashful, old man. A fair partnership, and no grumbling! Come, I'll give you a toast. Here's the king, and good advisers to him!

Fred. A pleasant fellow this! The king! By your dress, you serve the king; you are in the —

Adel. I was in the 15th Hussars for nine years. I served old Frederick; he's a soldier from top to toe. I would lay down my life if I thought it would benefit my king and country. In our last campaign, we lost our colonel. He was a brave, discerning officer; the regiment was his family; he treated the soldiers as became their colonel. But he is gone, and the regiment is disgraced.

Fred. The regiment disgraced! How so?

Adel. A young upstart was appointed our colonel. He treated the soldiers as his servants, and looked on them as slaves. I remembered our old colonel; I remonstrated; he ordered me to the halberds; I was arrested and confined; I burst my prison doors and fled, and am now a deserter.

Fred. (*Starting up.*) A deserter!

Adel. Ay, a deserter! — from my regiment, not from my king. His majesty — Heaven bless him! — may command my services, my life; but if proud, undeserving upstarts, because they possess title and influence, are placed in situations which ought to be filled by men of merit and integrity, the king may expect the army to fall into decay, and the people to complain bitterly, and with reason.

Mor. 'Tis getting late, gentlemen, and time for sober folks to retire to rest. We are a hard-working family, and must be up early.

Adel. Sober folks! Hell and the devil! Do you mean to insinuate we are drunkards? (*Draws sword.*)

Ros. Stay, sir, be cool. A good soldier ought never to lose his temper, when the enemy is so near. (*Alluding to MOROSCO.*)

Adel. The enemy! (*She holds up the empty flask.*)

Fred. An empty flask! Right, my pretty lass, and well said! 'Tis an enemy indeed. (*MOROSCO appears satisfied.*)

Adel. Ha, ha, ha! I was prepared for action; but come, give us another bottle, and damn the enemy.

Mor. I'll give you no more. 'Tis too late.

Adel. One bottle for the last, and then I'll to bed, and sleep soundly.

Mar. Give him the poison bottle at once. I'll warrant he'll sleep sound enough, if he drinks but one glass of it.

Mor. You're right. The laudanum in it will make them sleep without rocking. — Why, look ye, gentlemen, I'm but a poor man, and not accustomed to keep a large stock of wines; but, if you'll accept a bottle of the best Italian cordial, why, I dare say my wife will spare it, though she has hitherto kept it for the use of her own private friends.

Fred. No, no; we'll not deprive the lady of her cordial on any account. I've had enough; and, on my honor, I'll drink no more in this room to-night.

Adel. I've not had enough; I'll have it; and you, my boy, shall drink with me. But I despise a man that don't keep his word; and, as you have said you'll drink no more in this room to-night, why, it's all the same to me where we have it. So we'll take it to our bed room, and — do you hear? give us the cordial — and we'll finish it there. Stir, my rough one!

Mor. Just as you please. Martha, the cordial! (*Music. Exit MARTHA, D. R. H. 2 E., for the cordial. ROSALIE watches in alarm, MOROSCO orders her to get the light for the bed room.*)

Reënter MARTHA, D. R. H. 2 E., and gives cordial to MOROSCO; he looks exultingly at it, gives it to ADELBERT, who gives it to FREDERICK, while he takes his pistols and sword. ROSALIE endeavors to attract his attention, to warn him of his danger; sees paper on the table, takes pencil from her bosom, writes, and places it on the candlestick, and the candle on it, exclaiming,

Ros. This may save them.

Mar. What say you?

Ros. The piece of candle is so small, I put some paper in the candlestick, which I said might answer the purpose of a *save-all*.

Adel. Ha, ha, ha! Truly, you'd make an excellent wife for a soldier — not very extravagant. Now to our chamber! (*Music.* ROSALIE ascends the staircase, followed by ADELBERT and FREDERICK. ADELBERT kisses ROSALIE; FREDERICK is about to follow his example, when she designedly lets fall the bottle.)

Mor. 'Sdeath! The last poison bottle I had left!

Mar. Wretch! (*MARTHA pushes ROSALIE down stairs.*

Adel. Never mind; it shall be paid for. Place it to the partnership account, and let us have another quickly. This way, old stupid! (*Music.* Exeunt MARTHA, FREDERICK, and ADELBERT, D. on gallery, L. F.)

Mor. Now, then, for my comrades! they must assist me in this affair. (*Music agitato. Exit, D. R. H. F.*)

SCENE IV. — *Wood, 1 G. Lights down.*

Van Groat. (*Without.*) Hallo! hallo! hallo!

Enter VAN GROAT, L. H. 1 E., fatigued and frightened.

O, my throat! Hallo! hallo! I can bawl no longer. I've been wandering in the forest for the last five hours; and the devil an answer do I get from any one. Now, if I can find my way out of this delightful forest, and reach the nearest village without being torn by a snake or bit by a wolf, I shall consider myself a very fortunate, happy young man. The king goes a hunting, attended by his ministers and other great personages of the court; the king chooses a circuitous route, and is lost by his companions, who make all speed to the nearest inn, sit down to a comfortable supper, and despatch me, Hieronymus Van Groat, the whipper in, to scour the country, and find out the Great Frederick. Very well, here I am, and no Frederick to be found. The king's at his frolics, regaling with some pretty lass in a snug little cottage; and I, Hieronymus Van Groat, swallowing the wind in the thickest part of the Black Forest. This is to be the servant to the servant of kings. While they enjoy the fruits of our labor and industry, we get nothing but kicks and thumps, and are obliged to do all the dirty work into the bargain. If I get back to Berlin safe and sound, I'll give up my situation, and get married, if I could but meet a good-tempered maiden that would make me happy all the days of my life. (*Exit, R. H. 1 E.*)

SCENE V. — *Plain Bed Room (2 and 4 G.) in the House of MOROSCO.*
Set D., L. H. 2 E., with a horseshoe nailed on the c. of upper part of D.; window, practical, L. H. F., backed by dark wood; large doors c., with window in upper part, backed by plain room, through which is seen the landing place; stairs practical from beneath stage; plain table under window, L. F., on it lucifers, German pipe, two loaded pistols, and a small end of a lighted candle in a flat candlestick, (same one that ROSALIE had in Scene II.) two rustic chairs on L. H.; low truck bedstead in c., over trap, with common bedding, &c.; spots of blood on the sheets.

ADELBERT and FREDERICK discovered seated — FREDERICK on bed in c., ADELBERT on chair, L. H. *Music.*

Fred. You are perfectly right; there is something mysterious in these people. They don't please me — the man morose, the woman suspicious, and the girl —

Adel. Lovely, charming, bewitching, interesting. (*Music. MOROSCO opens window, L. F., and blows candle out; lights down.*) Zounds, we're in the dark; no matter, a German soldier is always provided with a pipe-light. (*Music. ADELBERT gropes his way to table, takes lucifer, and lights candle. Lights up.*) How's this? 'tis not burnt out; the wind, perhaps, or this paper prevents it. (*Takes paper away.*) Now for the other bottle. Come, hostess, the wine, and another candle; d'ye hear?

Fred. I'll drink no more. I'm tired, and here I'll have an hour's nap. (*Slow music. FREDERICK lies down on bed.*)

Enter MARTHA, C. D., with candle; ROSALIE follows with bottle of wine.

Adel. Ay, that's, indeed, a candle, and will burn till morning; but no extravagance; half of it will do. (*He cuts the candle in two with his sword; MARTHA alarmed; he cuts it again.*) How's this! By Heaven! no cotton! Cheat, bring me a proper candle, or I'll set fire to your house — quick! (*Exit MARTHA, C. door.*)

Ros. You are in danger. Read the paper I placed in the candlestick.

Adel. In danger! (*Music.*)

Enter MARTHA, C. D., with another candle; looks fiercely at ADELBERT; drags ROSALIE out of the room, C. D.

This will do — a paper in the candlestick; perhaps an advertisement for the apprehension of deserters. Let me see. I remember there was a paper, eh! I have it here. Now, then. (*Reads.*) "Strangers, you're in the house of assassins; do not sleep, or your fate is certain." In the house of assassins! — awake. (*FREDERICK gets up and reads.*)

Fred. I suspected these people. What's to be done? Let us fly.

Adel. Fly! never! I've an honest heart and a sound conscience, and that will nerve my arm against a host of assassins.

Fred. But they may be too many for us. I am old and experienced. A good general will always retreat when he sees the enemy is too numerous, or there's no chance of victory.

Adel. What do you know about generalship? I take the command upon myself. Silence! we must manœuvre here — a noise; I hear them.

Fred. We are lost. I'll reconnoitre. (*Slow music. FREDERICK opens D. slowly, and peeps down stairs.*) I see them — one — two — four — ten — there's twenty of them. Heaven preserve us.

Adel. Secure the door. Let us be cautious. (*Music pizz. They examine the room — FREDERICK with pistols, ADELBERT, sword drawn; they discover blood upon the sheets; chord.*)

Fred. Here's blood! 'Tis too true, we are in the house of assassins.

Adel. If we must die, we'll not fall an easy sacrifice, but hold out to the last. Doubtless, when they imagine we're asleep, they'll approach this chamber. The staircase is narrow; it will admit but one person at a time. Let me see; your post shall be outside the door, at the head of the staircase, on the landing place. I'll remain here, and —

Fred. Outside the door! — (*Aside.*) What a situation for a king!

Adel. Remember, the staircase will admit of the approach of but one person at a time. My post is here near the door, which shall yield to his partial entrance; then I'll stab him to the heart. This will find its way, I warrant you.

Fred. But I shall be seen and murdered before they enter here.

Adel. Courage and stratagem alone can save us. Your duty is to prevent the villains from falling down stairs when they receive this poniard in their bosoms; if one falls, we are betrayed and lost. To your post. Silence; they approach. (*Music. FREDERICK is placed outside the D., and is seen through C. windows; a robber enters, up stairs, when ADELBERT stabs him; he attempts to make a noise, when ADELBERT puts his handkerchief before his mouth, while FREDERICK pushes him into room; the same is repeated on four others, with the exception of stopping the mouth; another robber enters; ADELBERT stabs him; he falls backward on FREDERICK, and falls down stairs; ADELBERT pulls FREDERICK into room.*) Bungler, you have ruined us! (*Strikes FREDERICK; noise without of robbers escaping.*)

Mor. (*Without.*) We are betrayed; there must be a hundred of them. Let us fly — away — away. Set fire to the house; they shall perish.

ROSALIE rushes in, C. D.

Ros. You are safe; they fly through the forest in all directions. See — see. (*Opens window.*)

Adel. Cowards! I'll have a pop at them. (*Fires.*) They are too far, or it would have levelled one of them. I was reckoned the best shot in the regiment. See you that horseshoe on yonder cupboard door? My life on't I hit it. Here goes. (*He fires, and a robber, wounded, falls out from D. L. H. 2 E.*) What! are you there? Are there any more of you? (*He goes to cupboard, L. H. 2 E.; the house is on fire; red fire at back, C.*)

Fred. It is all over with us. They've set fire to the house.

Adel. Is there no escape !

Ros. Haste — remove the bed ; there is a door that leads to the stable. Quick ! away ! (*Music. They remove bed, and descend through trap D. in c. ; the house is on fire, and falls to pieces ; ADELBERT and FREDERICK are seen escaping through the forest at back.*)

TABLEAU.

Quick Drop.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *In the distance a View of Berlin, 6 G., at sunrise. A Practicable bridge from R. H. to L. H. ; set inn, 2 G. L. H.*

Enter CARTOUCH and six soldiers over bridge, R. H. to L. H. ; march down to front.

Cart. Now, my lads, we are, doubtless, in the path pointed out as that which was pursued by the deserter. Cold comfort this, to be marching over these bleak mountains all night ; but here we'll halt, and take a glass to give us fresh vigor to pursue our path. Let me see. (*Takes paper out, and reads.*) "Adelbert Stroudsbard deserted from the 15th Hussars ; five feet eight inches high, dark hair," &c. O, poor fellow ! he'll be taken, no doubt ; but I wish any one else but me had the office of pursuing him. The half-opened door of this house invites us to enter. So in, and let's see what sort of wine they keep. (*Music agitato. March. Exeunt CARTOUCH and soldiers into house, 2 G. L. H. ; FREDERICK, ADELBERT, and ROSALIE cross bridge from R. H. to L. H., and enter, FREDERICK first.*)

Fred. The coast is clear ; you may advance.

Adel. For your caution I thank you. Now our partnership must end. Your road, you say, is to Berlin ; mine to Austria. That bridge separates us from the forest. Thanks to our pretty preserver, we are out of it in safety. I march to the left ; you to the right. Yesterday I should have quitted my native country without a sigh ; but now I leave my heart behind me. (*Looking at ROSALIE.*)

Fred. Are you still bent on quitting Prussia ? Join your regiment again, and I'll make you a colonel.

Adel. What !

Fred. That is, I'll try to get you made one. I'm a particular friend of the prime minister's. I'll intercede for your promotion. He never yet refused me any thing ; for he regards what I say as law. Besides, could you leave that pretty wench ?

Adel. My dear preserver.

Fred. I had almost betrayed myself. — (*Aside.*) Hear me, soldier, and answer as becomes an honest Prussian. Do you love your country?

Adel. As my life.

Fred. Do you revere your king?

Adel. As my father.

Fred. Do you love a pretty blue-eyed wench?

Adel. Dearer than cognac brandy, and tobacco into the bargain.

Fred. Will you leave your country, fly from your king, and desert the woman you love?

Adel. Desert a woman! If I do, may I be damned!

Fred. Well said — well said. I know you to be a brave soldier, and that lass thinks you to be a good-looking one. She has confessed that her love for you prompted her to risk her life to save yours. Now, I am determined to repay *your* courage and her affection. Be advised. Return to Berlin; bring Rosalie with you. Perhaps, on the road, you may be apprehended as a deserter; if so, this ring may be of service to you. Forwarded to the minister, it will gain you the king's protection. I pledge the honor of an old veteran for the truth of what I assert.

Adel. For her sake I do accept it.

Fred. Yon post house will afford me the necessary conveyance to Berlin. Business of importance calls me near the minister. I'll make known to him my wish for your welfare. The king will be pleased, I warrant. (*CARTOUCH appears at the D. L. H., half tipsy, with pipe, &c.*) But I had forgot; your name is —

Adel. Stroudsbard!

Fred. (*Takes out pocket book.*) Stroudsbard! Adelbert Stroudsbard. (*Writing it.*) (*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*)

Adel. There is something in that old man's face that denotes he means what he says. My pretty girl, having journeyed thus far together, if you will consent to become a soldier's wife, the first village priest shall bind us forever together.

Ros. But see the banditti approach. Save him! save him!

Enter MOROSCO, BARRATO, and ROLMOND across bridge from R. H. to L. H.

Mor. Ay, we've found you at last. Revenge! revenge! (*Music. Combat; ROSALIE shoots ROLMOND; there are still two upon ADELBERT, when CARTOUCH and soldier rush on from inn, L. H. 2 G.*)

Car. Damn it, two upon one will never do! Here are two more of us. We'll have at you. (*Music. Combat; they beat banditti off, R. H.*)

ReEnter, as ROSALIE and ADELBERT are going, CARTOUCH and soldiers from inn, 2 G. L. H.

Ros. Behold, soldiers approach; should you be recognized! Ah, 'tis too true, you are lost.

Car. No, my fair damsel, he is found, and that's the more unfortunate; for, by virtue of this warrant, I apprehend you, Adelbert Stroudsbard, as a deserter. I am sorry — devilish sorry; but I must do my duty.

Ros. Rosalie — unhappy Rosalie — unfortunate Adelbert !

Adel. Do not despair, Rosalie. Take this ring in your charge, and hasten to the minister De Reuter, as our friend directed.

Ros. Yes, dearest Adelbert, I fly with lightning's speed — will see, will supplicate the minister for pardon. Yes, Adelbert, Rosalie will save or perish with you.

Adel. Away ! away ! (*ROSALIE rushes off, L. H. 1 E.*)

Carl. And Heaven grant you success, say I. Now, fellow, you must away with us ; look to your charge. March. (*They conduct ADELBERT off over bridge.*)

SCENE II. — *An Apartment in the Palace, 1 G.*

Enter DE REUTER, R. H. 1 E.

De R. So, fresh murmurs and repinings assail not my ears alone, but even majesty itself must be annoyed. Means must quickly be devised to remedy these evils.

Enter SERVANT, L. H. 1 E.

Well, sir, what do you want ?

Serv. These letters are left to be delivered immediately.

De R. In due course of time they shall be attended to.

Serv. They anxiously wait an answer.

De R. I tell you they must take their course. If Van Groat is below, send him to me. (*Exit SERVANT, L. H. 1 E.*) It is ever thus in times of trouble and commotion. Every menial presumes to give his opinion on matters that would puzzle the most able statesman.

Serv. (*Without, L. H.*) You must go up stairs directly.

Van. (*Without, L. H.*) Why, upon my life, I've scarce had time to breathe.

Serv. You must go up.

Enter VAN GROAT, L. H. 1 E.

De R. So, sir, you are returned.

Van. That's more than I expected.

De R. What mean you ?

Van. Why, that I am the most brave, fortunate young man in all Berlin. If it hadn't been for my valor, by this time I should have been food for the dogs.

De R. Fool ! Have you seen his majesty ?

Van. No ; but I have sent at least fifty to sup with his sable majesty below.

De R. Explain.

Van. Last night, after an unsuccessful search for the Great Frederick, I was making the best of my way through the forest, when, who should stop my way but fifty armed ruffians. "Stand," says one ; "Deliver," says another ; "Down with him," says a third. "Villains," said I, "while I have life I will resist." On they came. The conflict, at first, was dreadful. I never flinched, stood their at-

tack, and manfully laid about me thus and thus. (*Crosses to R. H. ; strikes DE REUTER with his whip.*)

De R. Villain !

Van. Then the whole sixty fired a most tremendous volley at me ; but I bobbed my head, and their bullets flew right over me. Then, with the butt-end of my whip, I pushed on the whole eighty.

De R. There were but sixty just now.

Van. That was before they fired ; but the report of their muskets brought at least eighty more. Then seven from behind a hedge flew upon me, and knocked me down.

De R. Thus. (*Knocks him down, and exit, R. H. 1 E.*)

Van. So this is the way the great reward the brave. O, I'll resign ; I'll serve the state no longer. This is just what I expected. "Hieronymus," said I to myself —

Ros. (*Without.*) Oppose me not. I will see the minister, and Adelbert may yet be saved.

Enter ROSALIE, L. H. 1 E.

Van. I will most positively resign ; here I lay down the seal of office.

Ros. The seal of office ; then this must be the minister. (*Kneels.*) O, my lord, pardon — pardon for the unhappy Adelbert.

Van. She takes me for the minister. No wonder ; my countenance denotes greatness. Rise, sweet wench. Who are you ? and what do you want ?

Ros. O, my lord, my distress is great ; I scarce know what I utter. Save my Adelbert, and Heaven will reward you.

Van. Tell me all about it ; speak out, and blush not, though you do address the great.

Ros. You have heard, no doubt, my lord, that a numerous banditti infest the neighboring forest.

Van. Of that I am perfectly aware.

Ros. Not content with plundering, they were in the constant habit of murdering the unfortunate beings that fell into their power.

Van. The devil they were !

Ros. Last night, my lord, a soldier, young, brave, and interesting, fell into their hands, and, but for my interference, would have fallen a victim to their cruelty. Ah, my Adelbert, never shall thy image be effaced from my mind, while blood circles through these veins.

Van. Go on. Poor girl !

Ros. To be brief, my lord, we escaped from the scene of blood together ; but scarcely had we reached the confines of the forest, when a party of soldiers seized my Adelbert as a deserter. He has been tried by a court martial, and now lies under sentence of death. My lord, save him ! save him ! or this wretched heart, already loaded with woes, will burst its prison house.

Van. O, this is too much for me ! If greatness must endure such scenes as these, forever let me remain in the humble situation of a whipper in. Seeing a woman in distress makes the water pour down my cheeks like the overflowing of a waterspout in a rainy day.

Shame upon the man that can behold a woman in tears without sympathizing in her sorrow, and holding forth a helping hand to her relief! He forfeits the best claims to humanity, and deserves to be ranked only with the brute creation. Madam, I believe you mistake my person and rank. My name is Hieronymus Van Groat; I'm whipper in to the king; and if, in the capacity of an honest man, I can be of any service to you, you may command me — only never send me on an errand through the Black Forest, or despatch me on any expeditions; for I've a particular aversion to robbers, and I am quite sure a bullet would never agree with my habit of body. In every thing else you may command me.

Ros. Do I not address the minister?

Van. No, madam; but I'll lead you to him with all possible haste.

Ros. On our despatch depends his life.

Van. Then let us to the minister; or, if the king himself will give you an audience, it shall be obtained. Come, lady, come.

(*Music. Exeunt, R. H. 1 E.*)

7L~7L

SCENE III. — *The Palace, 3 G. Throne and canopy, c., and throne chair; Gothic table on L. H., with pens, ink, and paper; Gothic chair on R. H. of table.*

Enter FREDERICK and DE REUTER.

Fred. I tell you, De Reuter, that our force is insufficient. The neighboring forest is infested with banditti. Last night, our person was in danger of being assassinated.

De R. Your majesty in danger!

Fred. Yes, De Reuter; instantly let a party of dragoons scour the forest, and bring all suspicious persons before us.

De R. No time shall be lost, my liege. (*Going.*)

Fred. De Reuter, who commands the 15th Hussars?

De R. The Baron Rittenburg.

Fred. What! the young baron?

De R. The same, my liege.

Fred. How old is he?

De R. Twenty-three, or thereabouts.

Fred. What service has he seen?

De R. My liege, he's been but six months in the army.

Fred. But six months in the army! Then how came he to possess courage, skill, and intrepidity, to command so distinguished a regiment as the 15th Hussars?

De R. Himself and family have been always known as the firm supporters of the measures of government.

Fred. You have done wrong, De Reuter — very wrong. Henceforth let the ladder of superiority in the army of Frederick of Prussia never be ascended by any other means than true worth and valor.

De R. But, my liege —

Fred. No more, sir!

Enter OFFICER, L. H. 1 E.

What now?

Officer. I am the bearer of a sentence of court martial held upon a soldier for desertion, belonging to the regiment of —

Fred. Shoot the rascal!

Officer. The warrant wants your majesty's signature.

Fred. No subordination, no discipline. There! Follow me, De Reuter, to the camp. (*Music. Exeunt FREDERICK and DE REUTER, R. H. 1 E.; OFFICER, L. H. 1 E.*)

SCENE IV. — *The Camp, 2 G.*

Enter OFFICER and twelve soldiers, L. H. 1 E.; a soldier carrying two bags, on one of which is written "Blank Cartridge," on the other "Ball Cartridge," followed by CARTOUCH, to whom he gives the bags. *March.*

Officer. There are the blank cartridges for the right file, that are appointed guard of honor to his majesty; and here are the ball cartridges for the left file, that are appointed to execute a soldier; and you, Cartouch, as corporal of the regiment, must distribute them accordingly, while I conduct the deserter on his road to the place of execution. (*Exit, L. H. 1 E.*)

Car. (*Who has hardly been able to conceal his intoxication from the OFFICER, remains with the bags in each hand, looking towards the audience.*) Ah, poor fellow! his troubles will soon be over — one pop, and there's an end. But I must to business. Let me see: here is the blank cartridge, to be given to the right file, and here the ball cartridge, for the left file, who are to shoot the deserter. Well, that's a very easy matter to accomplish; for here is the right, (*turns his back to the audience,*) and here the left; so thus I execute that part of my duty. (*Delivers the bags; by this blunder the right file receive the ball cartridge, and the left receive the blank.*) So that point's settled; and here comes the poor fellow that is to suffer. If I had not taken a double dose from the brandy bottle, I should never have been able to say, Ready! present! fi — That cursed word sticks in my throat already. (*Music.*)

Enter OFFICER and twelve soldiers, conducting ADELBERT to execution; they halt in C.

Officer. Soldier, I am grieved to say, this very hour all your cares and all your troubles end.

Adel. I am prepared to die, and will meet my death with an unshaken spirit; yet, ere I fall, let me entreat one favor. Say, will you perform it for a dying comrade?

Officer. I will.

Adel. On the borders of the forest you might have observed I was in company with a female, young, virtuous — ah! in tears, Adelbert? 'tis for thee, my Rosalie. When I am no more, seek her out; she

must still be in Berlin. Tell her that Adelbert loved her while living, and only regretted to die because he left his beloved Rosalie behind him. Protect her, sir, as you would a sister, and Heaven will reward you.

Officer. Trust me, I will.

Adel. Thanks! thanks! Farewell! Now, soldiers, I am ready.

(*Music. Exeunt procession, R. H.*)

SCENE V. — *Interior of the King's Tent, 3 G., backed by the camp in 6 G. Large curtains to tent in C. Music.*

Enter FREDERICK and DE REUTER from C.

De R. The camp was not aware of your majesty's arrival, or you would have been received with the accustomed honors.

Fred. No matter.

Ros. (*Without, C.*) Where, where is the minister?

Van. (*Without.*) This way, lady, this way! (*Music.*)

Enter ROSALIE and VAN GROAT, C. ROSALIE rushes forward, and falls at FREDERICK'S feet.

Fred. Heavens! 'Tis Rosalie!

Van. Lady, lady, 'tis the king.

Ros. The king! I must see the minister, or all is lost.

Fred. Speak! what would you?

Ros. Pardon — pardon for Adelbert —

Fred. Adelbert — within there!

Enter OFFICER, C.

Have you a soldier under sentence for desertion, named Adelbert Stroudsbard!

Officer. My liege, we have.

Fred. Release him, and bring him before me.

Officer. My liege, Adelbert was this morning tried by a court martial, found guilty, and your majesty's signature attached to the death warrant.

Fred. 'Tis false. I say, bring him here this moment.

(*Exit OFFICER, C.*)

Ros. Ah, Heavens! Is it, then, come to this? — my Adelbert doomed to die! But they must not, shall not separate us; even in death we will be one. Courage, courage, Adelbert! Now, then, prepare your fatal instruments of death! advance! fire! (*Report of musketry heard, U. E. R. H. ROSALIE screams and faints; VAN GROAT rushes out, C.*)

Fred. What mean those guns?

Enter OFFICER, C.

Officer. The musketry you have just heard consigned to the earth the unfortunate Adelbert.

Fred. Mercy, Heaven, mercy! (*Shouts of joy without. VAN Groat rushes from the back of tent, c.; as he enters, the curtains are drawn up, discovering a view of Berlin and encampment, and ADELBERT is discovered kneeling, the soldiers having already fired at him, their pieces still levelled.*)

Van. Hurrah! hurrah! Adelbert is saved! By some mistake, the muskets that were levelled at him were loaded only with blank cartridge. (*ROSALIE revives.*)

Fred. Merciful Heaven! Quick! conduct him hither. So this mistake might have been of serious consequence; for, although it has saved a deserter, it might have shot a king. Let him approach. (*Music.*)

Enter ADELBERT, c., guarded.

Adelbert, the deserter, stand forth. Soldiers, you behold a man who, in times of trouble and commotion, deserted from his regiment, and leagued with the enemies of his country. Say what punishment that crime deserves.

Adel. Comrades, I shall save you the trouble of a reply. I acknowledge my guilt, and am deserving of death.

Fred. Adelbert, by the interposition of Heaven, you are saved from death; and 'twould be sacrilege to fight against the will of Providence. As a deserter, I pardon you; but say, what punishment does he deserve who raises his hand against his sovereign?

Adel. My liege, he deserves death.

Fred. 'Tis well. Behold! (*Music. Takes off his hat, and discovers himself, as in the forest. ADELBERT and ROSALIE fall on their knees.*) You struck your sovereign, for which you merit death; but you saved his life, for which I pardon you. Rise, Adelbert, colonel of the 15th Hussars, and take Rosalie for your wife, with fifteen thousand ducats for your marriage portion. (*ADELBERT and ROSALIE embrace. Shouts. Flourish drums and trumpets.*)

SITUATIONS.

Perspective View of Berlin and Encampment, 7 g.

SOLDIERS.
SOLDIERS.
SOLDIERS.

CANNON,
&c.

SOLDIERS.
SOLDIERS.
SOLDIERS.

THREE OFFICERS.

OFFICER.

OFFICER.

Curtains of Tent, 3 g., open.

SOLDIERS.

SOLDIERS.

OFFICERS.

OFFICERS.

SOLDIERS.
OFFICER.

SOLDIERS.
OFFICER.

KING.

DE REUTER.

ADELBERT.

ROSALIE.

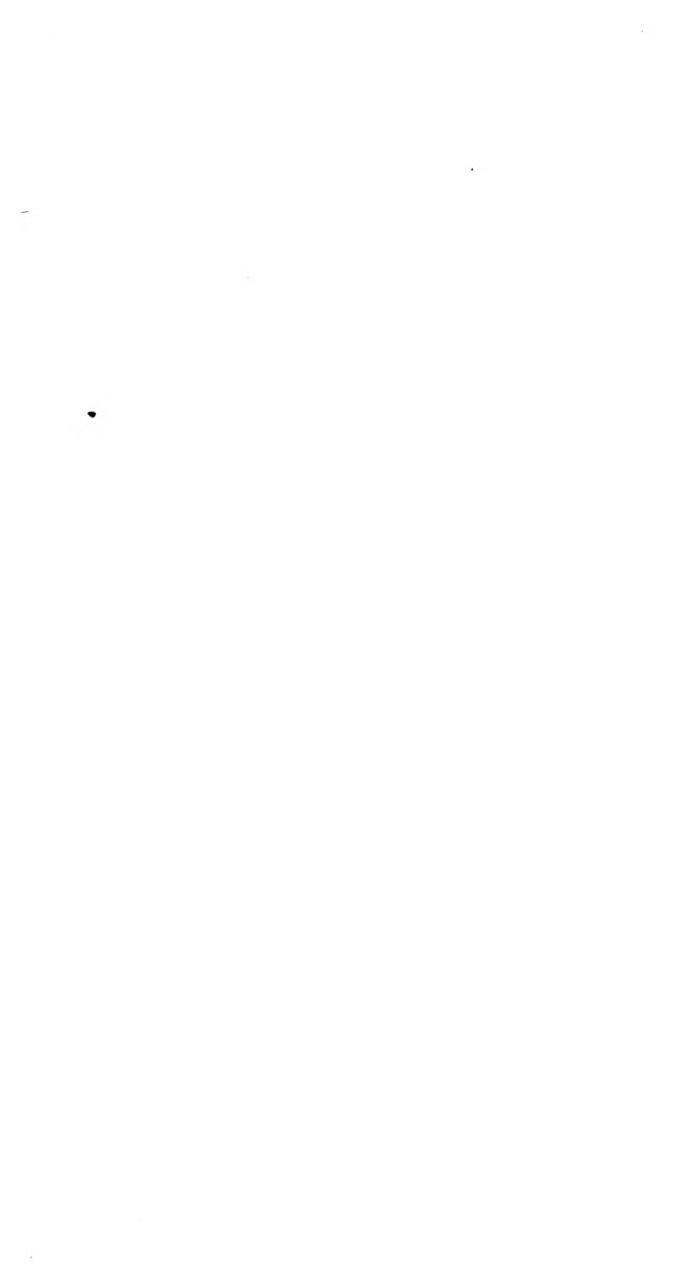
CARTOUCH.

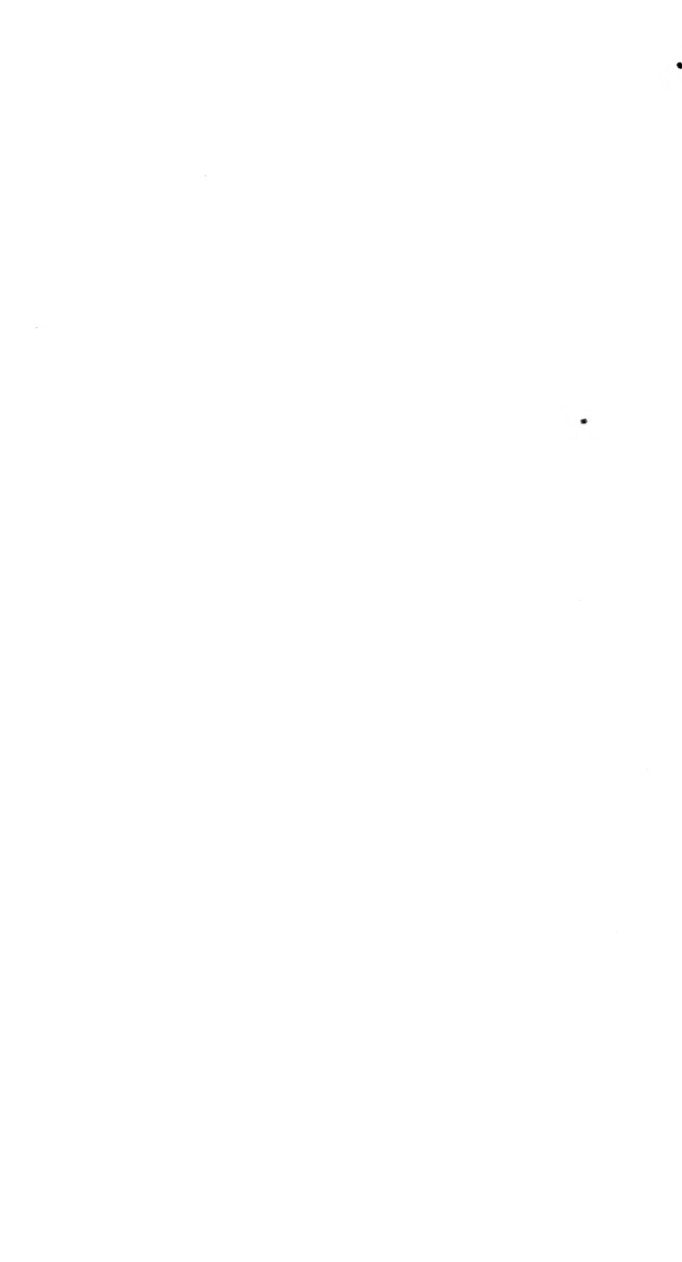
TABLEAU.

R. H.

Curtain.

L. H.







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